

# As/Is

12.30.2017

## Undulant



I'd made plans to meet you in Bar Noir on 18th, you were there; we drank. What happened after that, in the Logan Square flat, is that in defrocking you knocked over an antique lamp bequeathed to me by my aunt in Mahopac. Serendipity, I thought, stunned then into silence by your bedroom elan. Outside, a sultry night simmered; this night of all nights, scattered green glass littered my bedroom floor, & I finally got taken, past liquor, to what eternity was only in your mouth—as though you'd jumped from a forest scene (ferns, redwoods), a world of pagan magic, into a scene still undulant with possibilities—

posted by [Adam Fieled](#) on [Saturday, December 30, 2017](#)

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